

C. 59. c. 24.

Some MEMOIRS
OF THE
AMOURS and INTRIGUES
Of a Certain
IRISH DEAN:

Who Lived and Flourish'd in the
Kingdom of *Ireland* not many Hun-
dred Years since.

Interpers'd with the Gallantries of two *Berk-*
shire Ladies.

In which will be inserted several Original Let-
ters of the said Dean, that will be well known
by those that may be now living, who have
ever seen the Dean's Hand-Writing By a
Lady, who in those Days was well acquainted
with him.

PART I.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
Right Honourable the Countess

O F

PEMBROKE.

MADAM,

FIRST I intreat your Ladyship's Pardon for presuming to lay so great a Trifle at your Feet; and then beg Leave to tell you, that were there a Hope, tho' neer so distant, that I should ever be capable of any Performance worthy the Honour of such a Patroness, it would not have been for this I should have intreated it. But being a Woman, and consequently deprived of those Advantages of Education which the other Sex enjoy, I can hardly flatter myself so far as to imagine it in my Power to soar to any

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The Dedication.

Subject higher than that which Nature is not negligent to teach us. Love, Madam, is a Topick, which I believe few are ignorant of: There requires no Learning, no general Conversation, no Application; a shady Grove and purling Streams are all that's necessary to give us an Idea of that tender Passion. None can tax me with having too great an Opinion of my own Genius, when I aim at nothing but what the meanest may perform; nor have I any thing to value myself on, but a tolerable Share of Discernment: It's no more in my Power to be partially blind to my own Defects, than to the Perfections of others; no more than can I forbear testifying your Ladyship's Merit. But to go about to enumerate your excellent Qualifications, or to make up a Character so shining as yours, would swell this to too tedious a length: You have all the Beauty and all the Charms that ever adorned a Woman, and yourself is the only Stranger to it; something very uncommon to a young Lady in an Age like this. In a Word, you may be said to be truly honourable, truly good, and truly wise. Heavens seem to have bestow'd it's choicest Blessings upon your Ladyship, whose transcendent Beauty and Vertue make you the Delight of one Sex, as much as the Admiration of the other

The Dedication.

other: And since all the World adore you;
there is now no room for me to wish you
any otherwise happy, than that you may
live long to enjoy those Blessings, and to
smile upon the best of Men, your charming
Consort; which will be the constant Pray-
ers of

My LADY,

Your Ladyship's

Most Dutiful,

Most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant, &c.

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THE World will expect I should say something concerning the ensuing Trifles, which I shall, with as much Briefness as possible. It would signify very little to describe the Character of the Person chiefly concerned in it; because if any are now living who were alive in those Days, they will easily guess at the Man; and others will not be much at a Loss. I would not have the World believe that any thing here is wrote out of Prejudice or with a Design to sully the Memory of the said Dean: No, I would scorn to rake up his Ashes to his Injury. It's true, he was a Man of Gallantry, and so are some of our best —. My Design is only to caution Ladies who may meet with Persons of the same Disposition as this gay Man, to take care how they proceed

The Preface.

proceed, tho' the Person has a Black Garment for his Protection: For we too often find them, as the Proverb says, Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing. But I shall inlarge further on this Subject in my second Part, and shall only leave them to guess at the Person who bears the chief Part there, by biding 'em think of V——s in a celebrated Poem: Every Body who ever heard the Character of the Dean, will not be surpris'd to find him seldom with less than two or three Intrigues at a Time: The two Berkshire Ladies are so very much noted, that any Person who has but convers'd with People of that County, will not want to have this further explained; if they do, the second Part will fully inform them: This would never have seen the Press, had not Polidore behaved himself very ill, not long before he dy'd, to V——s. So if there be any of his Friends now living, I hope they'll excuse me, since it was at the Request of a Lady, who had suffer'd by him. I am the Readers

Most Obsequious,

Humble Servant, &c.



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF THE
AMOURS, &c.

LOVE it's most true, is a Passion that rules in every Man's Breast that is not Brute or Barbarian, yet not in all in the same Degree: There is a soft and disquiet desire of pleasing whomsoever we find any Satisfaction in, whether by Chance their Merit or our Mistake; and this cunningly insinuates it self into our Hearts, that we find our selves in Love before we know where we are. It would be no difficult matter to banish this Passion in its first Approaches, did it not sooth those whom it afflicts

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with

with such a bewitchery of Pleasure and Softness, as to make it seem a sort of Inhumanity, to drive so gentle a Delight from our Hearts; and yet if it is rightly managed, there is nothing more noble and sublime: For it not only heightens the virtues the Lover is Master of, but even casts a Visor over his Vice. Ill therefore do our formal Philosophers, full of severe moroseness, form to themselves a filthy Image of Love, to raise their aversion to so heavenly a Passion; since in all human Affairs, there is nothing more sincere, provided its Flames are kept in just Limits, and not suffered to burn for those that are forbidden; for Love, like a Siren's Voice, charms not only all Ages and Sexes, but even shews us, that the younger sort of People as well as those more Adult, being free from the Incumbrance of Worldly Cares, are by Experience well inclin'd to Affairs of this kind; for we frequently see it make the young Man Grave and the old Man Gay; this spurs up their Minds, and makes them aim at an Excellence they would not else have thought of; As you see in the following Narration. The first we shall mention, having been a lively Instance of the Effects of that tender Passion.

Polidore

AMOURS of, — 3

Polidore, of whom I first shall speak, was from his Youth amorously inclined; never without less than two Intrigues upon his Hands. The first I shall mention was betwixt *Satira* and he, a Lady of *French* Extraction: She was far from being the finest Woman he had ever seen, and yet he thought fit to pay his Early Devoirs to her. She not at all differing from the Natives of her Country, received his Addresses without any reservedness, many Familiarities pass'd, and they were very happy in each other, till *Polidore* was called away to another Corner of the World, where he was a long time without giving one kind Epistle to her. At last after he had received several from her he wrote as follows.

Epistle the First, Polidore to Satira.

Madam,

THAT I Love you, who need doubt, when I have given you the most convincing Proofs of it; why should you be uneasy, are you not at Liberty to divert your self with some more happy Man; tho' I confess I should envy him of all Men in the World; let this assure you, no good Man ever longed so much to taste the Joys of Heaven, as I do to be once more bless'd in your Smiles.

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I hope all is safe, I am sure I sincerely wish it, because I am, Thou dear soft Charmer,

Your Obedient Humble Servant.

Satira not receiving this so soon as she ought, still kept writing to him. Who supposing his last might miscarry, prevail'd with himself to send her a second.

Epistle the Second, *Polidore* to *Satira*.

Madam,

I *T* is impossible for me to neglect what I Love, as it would be impertinent to profess Love where I had none: But I have the Vanity to assure my self, you cannot think, what ever you write, that I am grown indifferent to you; No, you can never conclude so severely, both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of these faults: If there has been a misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it, by an uncharitable Censor of me, but do me the Right to believe, the last thing possible in the World is the least omission of Kindness to you, and I wish the whole World was as entirely yours, as is

Your Servant. &c.

Neither

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Neither of these Letters came up to what *Satira* expected after a long absence, she was ready to die with Grief, at the thoughts of his approaching Coldness towards her; she fretted, rav'd and tore her Hair, but there was now no Remedy but Patience. The next Morning, she resolv'd once more to write to him, which she did in several Kinds: Sometimes resenting, then more calm, &c. Then again she would fly out into the most extravagant Passion; but considering how little that would work upon him, if she really was grown indifferent to him, as now there is no room to doubt; she judg'd it proper to omit it, at least for some time. Nor was she wrong in her surmises, for *Polidore* was at this Instant in pursuit of a much finer Game; a Lady by far more agreeable to his taste; well bred, finely shap'd, and in every respect, what might claim her the Title of a finish'd Beauty: She had also made several Sallies in Poetry, which extremly charm'd him; and for which Reason he gave her the fictitious Name of *Sapho*. *Polidore* did not find this Lady like *Satira*; for tho' he us'd his utmost endeavours, it was some Months before he could obtain the favour of being alone with her; and then it was more owing to chance, than any design she had of giving him an opportunity to entertain her with his Passion. *Polidore* having gain'd
the

6 *Memoirs of the*

the intrest of some of her Family, was come there to pay a Visit; but finding him from home, had stept into the Garden to wait for his return. *Sapbo* who was a vast Reader, took some Books with a design to retire into the Summer-House, that she might be at liberty to contemplate, not knowing he was there; but how surpris'd was she upon her entering the Garden to see *Polidore*! She endeavour'd to retire, but in vain, for he prevented her by throwing himself before her Feet, and address'd her to this Effect.

Ab, Madam! how Fortunate am I, that what you so long deny'd me, should now by accident be granted me by Heaven; you are not a Stranger to the violent Passion that from the first sight of you was kindled in my Breast; I am not able long to subsist without your Smiles, but must of necessity fall a Sacrifice to Love and Beauty. Here *Satira* attempted to get away; but he intreated her to stay, and with all held her so fast, that she could not disengage herself. Let me beg, Madam, you'll hear me out, and then either Command me Dead, or give me leave to hope.

Rise (reply'd she) *Polidore*, I'll hear you, tho I shall take an opportunity to punish you for the Insolence you have shewn in presuming to detain me against my Inclinations.

He

He was Thunder-struck at this Answer, but however, recollecting that he might not soon gain so good an Opportunity: He recovered himself, and continued.

Oh, Heavens! how unfortunate a Creature am I, to disoblige you, who of all Persons in the World I would Study to oblige; nor will you I hope, continue these Resolutions when you have heard me further: For since my Life or Death depends on your Smiles or Frowns, you cannot wonder that I am solicitous for my own Safety; was it possible for you to know half the Tortures I have suffered on your Account, I flatter myself you would at least pity me, for, Oh! e'er since that fatal Day, I have felt the Miseries of the D——d: my Friends are become Tiresome to me, Poetry, that us'd to pass away so many tedious Hours, has quite left me, and now nothing remains for you to take but my Life, which by your unkindness is become irksome to me, I cannot bear it long! Here he was interrupted in going on further by the arrival of the Person he expected. But she was so generous as to tell him that perhaps she would think of him, and he should hear from her.

On the other hand, *Satira* had grieved so incessantly on account of *Polidore's* indifferency, that she had brought herself into so ill a state of Health, that few People believed she would ever recover, and in
this

this Condition she resolved to write to him once more, in hopes her illness would move him to compassionate her.

Epistle The third, Satira to Polidore.

Sick and in Bed,

DR O V E here by your unkindness, how have I merited such unparallel'd Usage, think how I have loved, and you have vowed: And then consider how ill your present indifferency agrees with former assurances. Four Days after I received yours I was by illness confined to my Bed, where I have continued ever since; and never wish to rise from thence, unless to meet you more Kind. Grief will certainly kill me, and I desire it should, because I find it's impossible for me to live without you, and should sooner chuse Death, than to see Polidore not treat me as formerly,

Who am yours while I live,

Satira.

This Letter carryed so much sincerity in it, that upon the first receipt, he was really uneasy for her: But being now in full chace of *Sapho*, he soon recovered himself, but believed, the least he could do for a Woman who he found distracted in Love with him, was to give her a kind Epistle.

Epistle

AMOURS of — 9

Epistle the Fourth, Polidore to Satira,

Madam,

TO find you Ill gives me the greatest Anxiety and Shock imaginable: You may think what you please, and it would be in vain for to endeavour to perswade you from it; if you are come into an Opinion that I am actually indifferent to you; but by Heavens I love you more than Misers do their boarded Gold, or great Men Flattery, and I desire your Health may be took care of for me, I hope it will be in my Power to make you a personal Visit very soon, for which pleasing Interview I extremely long, when I shan't fear but to clear up all doubts, and convince you I have ever been,

Your sincere Servant, &c.

This gave *Satira* vast Satisfaction: It soothed her hopes, and she began to recover her Health with the Thoughts that she should soon be happy in the Sight of her beloved *Polidore*; but he was far from being sincere in that Expression, being in hopes soon to be much better engaged with *Sapho*: He wrote, and us'd all his Interests with her Relations to bring it to bare; but *Sapho*,
C
who

who was but one remove from a Coquet, tho' she liked him of all Men to converse publickly with, would not hear any thing further in his favour ; this gaul'd him prodigiously, but he wisely consider'd it was his best way not to discover any dislike to her Conduct for the present : Several Letters and Poetry past in Raillery, the latter of which I shall reserve for the Close of these Books, but *Sapho* had lately gave him more hopes, and he had some Reason to fancy by her Letters that she began to think of him with Sincerity ; few Days past in which he did not write to her, some of which I shall insert to gratify the Readers and then proceed to give some Account of the other two Ladies ; the first that came to my Hand was as follows.

Epistle the Fifth, Polidore to Sapho.

O *thou Divine Charmer ! to accept my Letters and return Answers to 'em, is a Blessing inestimably great, and to perceive you love from your own Hands is an Elisium ravishingly happy : Thou loveliest, thou most desireable of thy Sex : What Thanks, what Tributes shall I pay you for this generous Return of a sincere Passion : I will adore thee as the Eastern Provinces do the Sun : Ye Gods, was ever Man so*
com-

compleatly happy ; No, I'll lay the Poet aside, forget Cupid, Venus, the Destinies, and all the other Heathen Deities, and declare that nothing less than a superintending Providence, the Creator of the World, could make our Love so pure, so reciprocal, and so permanent : Time, Absence, Business, do often extenuate, nay alter the Affections of People, but mine, my Happiness is so firmly grounded, so strongly cultivated in my Heart, that nothing temporal shall make me cease to love you ; I say nothing temporal, because I shall love you during Life, till my Spirits are released from the Prison of the Body, and my Soul shall fly to Heaven, where I am sure we shall meet : Why are you uneasy at declaring yourself in my Favour ; Love was never accounted a Crime ; but if it be one, L—d have Mercy on the greatest part of the Christian World : And as to my Constancy and Truth, you need be under no Concern in regard to it, for as long as the Sea shall ebb and flow, as long as the Elements shall continue in their proper and respective Spheres, so long shall my Love continue inviolable and unalterable, who am, my Goddess,

Your Eternal Admirer.

Epistle the Sixth Polidore to Sapho.

Four a-Clock in the Morn.

I Am writing to my Guardian Angel at an Hour when every thing is at rest but Birds and Lovers, being kept awake by the Pains or Pleasure of Love: I freely confess mine to be the former, that coroding Pain Jealousy has crept into my Breast, and disturbs all my calm Repose; I own 'tis a foolish, yet 'tis a natural Passion, a Passion that always flows from a sincere and amorous Soul: Now how can I think of the Crowds of admiring Fops that follow you, or rather how can I meditate on the innumerable Beauties of your Person, on the infinite variety of Charms that adorn thy Face and Mind, and at the same time reflect on my great, my very great want of Merit, without dismal Apprehensions of your bestowing your Heart on some more worthy Object: This, Madam, I must own to you, I am afraid of, and yet why should I, you are too generous to deceive me, and Hypocrisy is a Stranger to your Nature: Don't accuse me for these Suggestions, impute my Doubts to the thorow Knowledge I have of my own Demerit; for was you in the Arms of another I could not hate you, I could indeed stabb

AMOURS of, — 13

stabb the happy Man or myself, but in the last Hours of my Misery should bless and pray for the adoreable Object of my Vows and Wilhes. I have something to impart will divert you ; I wish you would allow me to be happy with you alone some few Hours this Evening ; if you grant this I shall imagine myself inexpressibly happy, because I am, thou lovely Charmer,

Your Dying passionate Lover.

Sapho, who had always the Character of being very haughty, thought he took too great a Liberty in being jealous already, and resolved to punish him for it ; but she found now that Love had the ascendant over her Resentments, and she wrote him Word she would, as he desired, give him the Meeting.

Epistle the Seventh, Sapho to Polidore.

HOW strangely are we Women deceived and impos'd on by the outward Appearance of you Men ? I hardly thought when I gave that submissive, whining, creeping Creature leave to Love, that he would so soon be alter'd to the most presumptive, saucy thing upon Earth ; Pray, did I ever give you Licence to be jealous, or to set your Spies upon any Actions of mine ? However if you
have

have any thing more unmannerly to say, I shall at Five this Evening be in the Walk behind our House, not with a Design to hear any thing you can say by way of Excuse, but with an Intent to be revenged on you.

Your's Sapho.

This is a Stile not very common, but it was natural to *Sapho*, and in which she convers'd with most of her Correspondence; it would have pleased *Polidore* well enough from any other hand, but it savour'd too much of the Coquet to be agreeable from her. Something happened that prevented *Sapho* being so good as her Promise, which gave occasion for the following Letter from him.

Epistle the Eighth, Polidore to Sapho.

Madam,

M*Y Faults were such as amongst reasonable People will ever find an Excuse; but you, I find, are resolved to treat me after the most cruel manner, and hereof know the Disappointment last Night, is what I have not Philosophy enough to bear; you are too full of Mystery, and for the Life of me I can't understand you; but this I'll*
own

own, it is very uneasy for me to live a Day without seeing or hearing from you.

Epistle the Ninth, Sapho to Polidore.

IN my Opinion you are the most impertinent Man living: Suppose I was better engag'd than to make good my Word, then you must be pining, whining, and wanting to see me; I must tell you plainly that I think Sincerity in Love as frightful as the Plague, and that you can't please me better than to dislike me to Day because you was fond of me Yesterday; but to be a Minute grave, you may expect to find me at Six to Night where I promis'd last Night at Five.

Polidore was extremely transported with this Affignation, and accordingly went to meet her as she had propos'd; but to his wonderful Surprise instead of her he only saw a Friend of his, who was walking there upon the same Occasion: But to put an end to both their Adventures, *Polidore* was attack'd by a Woman of the Town, and his Friend could not forbear laughing at his good Luck as he thought, when he found himself attack'd by two Men, who immediately let him know their Errand, and he found himself under an Arrest. Nothing could have been more pleasing to *Polidore*, who

who had now the Liberty to see his Female Friend, and desire she would walk off, but she had her Cue too well to do that of a sudden, and was hardly dispatched when *Sapbo* came up to the Place; how now, *Polidore*, says she, what, was it impossible for you to be alone; I see your Gallantry, and am not unacquainted with the Character of that Person. — Why Madam, returns he, are we not all formed for Love, and if you are unkind, is that a Rule all the Sex must be so; No, No, she is more obliging, for which you can't blame me. — *Sapbo* was confounded at this Speech, and would have returned, but he had too fast hold of her, and soon found Methods to appease her: She forgave him on the Conditions, that he should henceforward never converse with Woman alone, except herself: Never was Lover in a more pitious Case than he was who was carried off by the Bailiffs, to the great Satisfaction of *Polidore*.

Not having had a Conversation for two or three Days with *Sapbo*, he by chance see her at Church, upon which Occasion he sent her the following Verses.

To

To Sapho at Church.

LET others with Religious Ardour burn,
 And all their Thoughts to heavenly
 (Objects turn,
 Let them on bended Knees implore great
 (fave,
 To show'r down Blessings on 'em from above;
 Let them give Thanks for num'rous Gifts
 (receiv'd,
 For Plots discover'd, and for Nations sav'd;
 My humble Prayers shall always be confin'd,
 To the most beautiful of Woman kind;
 To thee, fair *Sapho*, my ardent Vows I'll pay,
 Thee I'll adore by Noon, by Night, by Day;
 Thou shalt for ever be my Deity,
 For I am sure to find a Heaven in thee.

To the same.

WHen first your awful Charms I view'd,
 My Sences were surpriz'd, my Heart
 (subdu'd;
 Proud to become your Victim and your Slave,
 I felt with Joy the happy Wound you gave:
 Hugg'd all the pleasing Darts your Beauty
 (threw,
 And gladly fell a Sacrifice to you;

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Fond

Fond of my Change, I'd rather chuse to dye
Beneath your Frowns, than from your

(Beauty fly :

Like the poor Moth pursue what I admire,
I'll chace the Light, tho' perish in the Fire.

To the same.

Tell me my Lovely Charmer, tell me
(why,

I must forever speak without reply ?

Tell me if this poor Love-sick Heart must

(break,

Because my cruel *Sapbo* will not speak :

Speak, lovely Nymph, let that sweet Voice

(declare,

Must I still hope, or must I still despair :

Pronounce my Doom, for only you can tell,

Whether this Life must be my Heaven or

(Hell.

So the poor Mariner in Tempest tost,

At length being shipwreck'd on some sandy

(Coast ;

Descries a Sale from far, with glaring Hopes,

He clings to a Mast, or fastens to the Ropes ;

If she draws near the Wretch's Hopes pre-

(vail,

But, oh ! his Tortures at the distant Sail :

That Ship (like you) destroys or saves his

(Life,

Then *Sapbo*, let me sink, or be my Wife.

Were

Were I the mightiest General of the War,
 Were I the Learned *Cowper* at the Bar,
 Were I a *Stanhope*, *Tillotson*, or *Byng*,
 Were I a *Spanish*, *French*, nay *English*
 (King;
 My Charming *Sapho* should those Honours
 (share,
 And be to me my only, only Dear.

I shall now leave *Polidore* and *Sapho* a little, in order to begin with the Adventures of the other two Ladies, *Lavina* and *Elvira* who had from their Youth contracted a sincere Friendship for each other: *Elvira* was marry'd young, and finding herself a Widow in the beginning of her Life without Issue, had experienced a great deal of Unhappiness in her Bridal Tye, resolved never to make a second Choice; and in order to hinder the impertinent Addresses she must have met with, resolved to Travel, with some Thoughts, as she afterwards said, of spending the Remainder of her Life in a Cloyster. This she communicated to *Lavina* her Friend, who was of a much gayer Disposition, and used all the Arguments she was Mistress of, to dissuade her from so dangerous a Design, but all in vain; she would upon no Terms think of altering her Resolves, and *Lavina* was obliged to desist and be satisfied with the Assurances of preserving the

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Friend-

Friendship she had for her inviolable, and that she would constantly write to her.

The Time being prefixed for her Departure, *Lavina* would accompany her to the Place where she intended to embark ; accordingly she did, and after this she was very melancholly, and resolved to stay two or three Days before she returned back, in order to recover the Fatigue of her Journey : One Day looking out of the Window in a very pensive Mood, she observed a Gentleman in the same Posture ; something she saw extreamly agreeable in his Face, nor was she without a secret Desire of engaging with him ; she did not long want such an Opportunity, for he had also observed in her something that extreamly charmed him, and seeing the Mistress of the Inn where they lodged and *Lavina* walking out together, he follow'd,

They took the Walk that led to the Water-side, where they were going to look at the Shipping, and stopping to admire something extraordinary, *Aminor*, which was his Name, came up to them, and having bowed very obsequiously to her, joined in the Conversation. He was naturally complaisant, well bred, and fond of Women's Conversation ; she was beautifully shaped, her Eyes, Mouth, and Hair, fine even to Excellence, and

and *Amintor* confess'd within himself that he had never seen so finish'd a Beauty before.

He soon let her know it was impossible for him to see so many Charms without being touch'd with them: The Lady, who was of a pleasant amiable Temper, tho' now something clouded, judg'd this Adventure very proper to divert the Thoughts and melancholly Reflections she was making for the Loss of her Friend, answer'd his Discourse with a modest Refusal and inviting Coyness. She caus'd him to fall very much in Love with her, infomuch, that as soon as he learn'd she intended to make a small Stay there, tho' his first Design was to go for a Foreign Country with the next fair Wind, he soon found Reasons to prevent that Design. *Lavinia* could not help being pleas'd with the Conquest she had made: *Amintor* join'd to the Freeness of his Declaration of Love so much Respect in his Behaviour, and display'd so much good Sence in his Discourse, that insensibly the Ridicule vanish'd: On the other hand, the haughtiness that sat triumphant amongst the Charms of her Person and the Graces of her Wit, blew the sudden Spark into a beautiful Flame.

Lavinia, who from the first had only design'd to divert herself, alas too soon found she was irretrevably caught in the calamitous

tous Net: In vain she called her Reason to her Aid. *Aminor* having spent all the next Day with her, was resolved to push his Fortune with her, and lay the Thoughts of his intended Travels by for the present, if possible, to persuade her to let him wait of her home.

Love easily prevails on the Fire of a Youth of Twenty or Twenty One, to attempt things more impracticable than this: *Lavina's* Beauty far surpass'd all that he had hitherto ever seen, and the Hopes he conceived from her obliging and civil Behaviour very much charm'd him, and gave him room to think he was not indifferent to her.

The Merit he hourly discover'd in that Lady increas'd his Passion, but his Love, which had so agreeable a beginning soon gave him some Uneasiness, for, contrary to his Expectations, she gave him a flat Denial, and told him she could upon no Terms think of carrying a Stranger home with her, having no Inclinations *Aminor* should have any Reason to suspect he had made so easy a Conquest; besides she was very unsatisfy'd about his Family and Fortune, being as yet a Stranger to both, and yet if she might form any Judgment by outward Appearance, she believed his Birth was far from mean, but could not help being perplexed about it.

Aminor

Amintor was inexpressibly uneasy at the Disappointment, and his Reason waged War with his Passions, whether he had best pursue his Journey or follow the Dictates of his Heart. At last he resolved, as at Play, to venture still on, rather than sit down contented with what he had already lost; for his Love was now too strong, too powerful to be resisted, therefore he continued to solicit *Lavinia*, inasmuch, that tho' she would not grant what he desired of her, she assured him of her Friendship, and gave him leave to correspond with her by Letter.

Amintor then told her of what Family he was, which she had heard of, and knew to be worthy, only numerous, and he had little to expect from his Friends, only they had procured him the favour of a certain great Man, by whose Means, and some other Friends at C — — t, he had made some Steps towards Preferment, and was not without raised Hopes of gaining speedily something very considerable. *Lavinia* advis'd him to pursue what he was about, and assured him again of her Friendship, nay, gave him leave to think it should one Day be augmented into Love.

The Time being come they were to part, nothing could ever be more shocking; *Jove's* Thunder

Thunder would have been less terrible in the Ears of *Aminor* than the Word Adieu: He accompany'd her some Miles, when she judging it necessary to part, he was oblig'd to take leave; but with the tenderest Assurances of a reciprocal Passion, she again repeated that her Friendship he should always claim, but as yet she could not promise any thing further; he observing by her Looks that her Friendship could differ only in Name from Love.

After his Departure *Lavina* was very uneasy, and he much more so: The next Day after his Return, the Wind proving fair, he embark'd as she had desir'd; where I shall now leave him and *Lavina*, and return to *Elvira*, who I left upon the Seas, where she had a very dangerous Voyage, the Particulars I shall leave you to be better inform'd of by the following Letter.

Epistle the Tenth, Elvira to Lavina.

Madam,

THat You may be convinc'd the common Proverb of Absence making us forgetful of our Friends, will never be exemplify'd in me, I take the first Opportunity to assure you I have not had one Thought since our
Sepa-

Separation, in which you have not shar'd. The Voyage has been extream tiresome, we were ten Days at Sea, tho' without any apparent Danger as the Mariners said, but believe me I was frequently afraid of being swallowed up in the Deep: However, the Almighty preserv'd us, till at last we were cast away upon the Coast of Holland; every Body saved their Lives, and, I believe, most of their Baggage: From which Place we hir'd Conveniencies to Brussels, where we arrived in six Days; there was nothing curious till we come here, unless some Popish Relicks, one of which was some of our Saviour's Blood, which they will tell you was scrap'd from off the Cross: I visited all the Religious Houses, and can't say I am so charmed with that way of Life as before I came from England: The Lady Abbess of one of the Houses here is a Relation to the Duke of N — k; really an exceeding fine Woman, and she has us'd a vast deal of Stratagem to engage me amongst 'em; but the Order is too hard, they wear no Linnen, and lye upon Straw, eat little Flesh, and yet look extremely charming; their Churches are prodigiously adorned with Painting and all manner of Finery; the Natives are very borish and unpolite; the City is clean, the Buildings lofty, but not near so uniform as ours in England: A

E

Court

Court is kept here, at which I intend to appear to Morrow; in some of the Churches there is more than Fifty Altar Pieces, and on particular Days communicate at all of them: Here is an Order of Men that go without Shoes or Stockings, only Sandals on their Feet, no Linnen, and bare headed; a Cord tyes a Woollen Garment about them, which they whip themselves with several times a day: Their Churches are small, but very beautiful; they never touch Money, but when they want to eat or drink send to People's Houses, who think they are in duty bound to supply them with every thing that is necessary. I have not time to enlarge, but will give you a better Account soon; in about twenty days hence I intend to proceed on my Journey for Italy, but before I conclude must give you some account of my Fellow-Travellers, which are three English Ladies, two Irish Gentlemen, and a French Man. I shall grow impertinent, so must bid you Adieu, but not without telling you I shall long to hear you are happy, for be assur'd I am, and ever shall be

Sincerely Your's Elvira.

Elvira

Elvira having staid, as she designed, Twenty Days without hearing from *Lavinia*, set forwards for *Antwerp* in her way to *Italy*, when going to view the Curiosities of that Place, she was remark'd by a young Gentleman, who was also there to oblige his Curiosity.

Elvira as yet had not observ'd him, but the Moment she did found him to be a Person, who, before her Nuptial had been propos'd as an agreeable Match for her, *Conessa*, which was his Name, from the Moment he look'd upon her found himself extreamly charmed, and stood in Admiration of so much Beauty, but thought he was not a Stranger to her Face, tho' he could not call to Mind who she might be, having never seen *Elvira* but twice, and that some Years ago: He took all Opportunities of presenting himself before her, and offering her his Hand; the other Ladies began to envy her having engross'd to herself so soon so fine a Gentleman, and began to be Satyrical upon her, saying, they did not believe 'em such entire Strangers to each other as both pretended to be.

Little did *Elvira* dream what the Malice and Envy of her Companions had made them surmise of her, who had indeed been as great a Stranger to *Conessa* as she was to him, had there not been a very remarkable

Scar in his Face, by which she must, if she had seen him but once, know him again. *Conessa* would wait of her home to her Lodgings, and there begging the favour of her, in very obliging Terms, when he should wait on her next, took leave. No sooner was he gone, than she perceiv'd an Alteration in her Companions, which concerned and surpris'd her : She soon guess'd the Cause, but was surpris'd they should take Notice of the Gallantries of a young Gentleman in a strange Country ; but then indeed she attributed their Anger to the particular Respect he had shewn her.

One who had conceived a very high Opinion of *Elvira's* Merit, gave her to understand the Remarks that had been made on her ; which she no sooner learnt than she endeavour'd to clear herself, and make them sensible of their Errors, which was easily done.

Conessa having a Sister in Town, the next Day she was brought to wait on *Elvira*, and assur'd them that they had been from *England* these ten Months, and that she durst engage her Brother was as great a Stranger to *Elvira* as herself ; at the same time telling them, that, to the best of her Remembrance, she never saw *Elvira* before.

This

This seemingly satisfy'd them very well, and all was calm again; *Conessa* by his frequent Visits grew more and more inflamed, infomuch, that he resolv'd to declare himself, and yet he was inexpressibly uneasy to think who *Elvira* might be, for as yet he was in the dark, notwithstanding his frequent Offers to bribe her Servant to discover who she was; nor had she let fall the least Word that might leave him room to suspect she was the *Elvira* once propos'd by his Father; but he guess'd by her Conversation and Carriage: that she must be a Woman extreamly well educated: He communicated his Thoughts to his Sister, who was so taken with *Elvira*, that she encourag'd him in it.

One Day *Elvira's* Man came on a Message to him, and he gave Orders to his Servant to ply him well with Wine, and see if he could not extort the Secret from him when his Mind was intoxicated with Liquor, which had its desir'd Effect, for then the Fellow was very free and ingenuous in his Confession.

Nothing on Earth could have gave the Tenth Part of that Pleasure to *Conessa* and his Sister as this Narration; he was now resolv'd no longer to delay making his Passion known, and in order to it, his Sister engaged her in the cool of the Evening to walk:

walk : They had no sooner lost sight of the Town than his Sister stray'd into a distant Walk from that of theirs, which Conessa perceiving, threw himself at the Feet of Elvira: *How happy am I, Madam, that what was deny'd me by the Avarice of an ambitious Father of yours, should seem ordained me at last by Heaven's, and should throw me in your way to recover that Melancholly and Spleen that has but too long possess'd you, nor will I ever rise from this Place till you have given me Assurances that my Hopes shall not be fruitless : That I love you and adore you, I hope my Actions have long since declar'd ; if not, I beg you'll now believe that its impossible for me to live without you, and unless you bless me with your Smiles, I must of Necessity fall a Sacrifice to Love and Beauty.*

Here Conessa paus'd, and Elvira had now room to speak, tho' it was in the utmost Confusion and Surprise : *I charge you rise Conessa this Moment, for you are not in a Posture fit for me to hear you.* No Madam, continued he, rather let me expire this Moment at your Feet, than rise to be the most miserable Wretch living, that is, without a favourable Word from you : Well, reply'd Elvira, I give you leave to hope, Time may make an Alteration in me, but I am surpris'd to find of a sudden you should know who I
am,

am, when but few Days ago I am convinc'd you believed yourself a Stranger to me, and I am sorry you are now otherwise, since I am assured you must have us'd some Stratagem to get my Affairs out of my Servants, and indeed it was not worth your Pains, since I have been long determined the united Perfections of your whole Sex should never influence me to alter my Condition again, which is the real reason I left England, to avoid the impertinent Addresses I must of course have met with; and I believe I need not inform you the reasons that induc'd me to fix such a Resolution, since you can't, nor are not insensible what little Satisfaction I met with in that State so lately; I own I have no particular Dislike to your Person, and could I ever think of being happy that way, believe you would be the Man; but you must excuse me if I have, and not without vast Reason, took a Prejudice to all your Sex, as well as a general Dislike. Oh thou divine Angel, returned Conessa! How shall I convince you there is Truth, Honour, and Love in our Sex: I am not indeed unacquainted with the indifferent Treatments you have met with from an inhuman Piece of Barbarity, but is all the World to be blam'd for one perfidious Man, No, Madam, rather believe that Heaven has sent me to make Retaliation

tion for the Faults of my Predecessors, and believe me, when I swear, that I will convince you, there is Truth and Love in a Man, as well as Vertue and Goodness in a Woman: In short, Madam, its in vain to repeat so often what you can't but already perceive, which is, I am dying for you.

By this time the Sister approached, and prevented him going further; and she had only time to reply, *she would give him a further Answer in a Day or two.*

When she returned to *Antwerp*, she found all the Company were gone, unless she before mention'd: They could not bare to see *Elvira* make so great a Conquest, while themselves past unregarded. She was at first griev'd at their Departure, but it being in vain to repine, she soon compos'd herself.

The Lodging being now empty, *Conessa* begg'd leave to bring his Sister, that they might all be under a Roof, which *Elvira*, after some Reluctance agreed to. *Conessa* hoped he should now have more free Access to her, but here he was mistaken, for she was now more reserv'd than before, and she grew inexpressibly uneasy at this, for as yet she did not perceive the least Thought tended towards Marriage, but was rather more confirmed in her former Resolutions.

The

The Lady of the *English* Cloyster solli-
cited very hard to have her enter there ;
however, upon strictly examining that sort
of Life, it had abundantly cooled her, and
she now was not over hasty of becoming a
Nun.

Conessa's Sister kept strongly solliciting for
her Brother ; and in short, *Elvira* was not
able to hold out any longer, but gave him
the firmest Assurances of her Love ; at the
same time advising with the Friend, as I
have told you before was left behind with
her, telling her she had promis'd more than
ever she could or would think of performing.
The Lady told her, that indeed she had
advanc'd too far to withdraw with Honour,
but at the same time told her, if she conti-
nued in that Mind, her best way would be
privately to remove her Lodging.

This they agreed on, but fear'd lest he
should hear what Road they had took, and
pursue them ; so that they discharg'd the
Woman of the House, and went by Night
away ; and he was told in the Morning they
were embark'd for *England*.

No sooner was he inform'd of their Flight,
than he raved, tore his Hair, and every one
believed him distracted ; all means were us'd
to compose him, but to no Effect, for in a
few Days he was seized with a violent
Fever.

Elvira, who had not failed to enquire after him, hearing what ill Effects her bad Usage had had, was resolv'd to break through all her former Promises, and to go see him, nay, even to make him her Husband if he recover'd; but Fate had not design'd her so great a Blessing, for she had not been arriv'd above half a Day before he expir'd, but in that time he had so great a Regard for her, that he intreated she would marry him, that he might leave her the bulk of his Estate, which she was too mercenary to refuse, soon after which he dy'd, and *Elvira* was a second time a Widow.

Where I shall leave her to return to *Polidore* and *Sapho*, who made a perfect Conquest of her in little time, tho' she was too discreet to own it of a sudden; However, *Polidore* being call'd to a distant Corner of the World, press'd her for some Assurances of her Faith, and she was at last prevail'd with to give him all he could with Modesty ask, and some Days past in mutual Endearments, in which time, when they had not Opportunity of conversing alone, they employ'd it in writing to each other. The Day before they were to part, *Polidore* wrote the following Epistle to put into her Hands as he took his Leave.

Epistle

Epistle the Eleventh, Polidore to Sapho.

I Was just now making myself happy, as
cruel approaching Absence would let
me, with my Goddess's Letter. Oh! there
is Ten Thousand Darts in every Line; my
Angel has shown so many pretty, charming,
irregular Expressions, that I read, I see
Sighs and Kisses on the cold Paper. — I
kissed it a thousand Times, and feel the
Rigour of the dear Hand that wrote it;
and yet it has kept a struggling Life from
ending. Oh! Good Heavens, the Tyranny
of parting. — By yourself my Thoughts
croud so thick and so fast, that I know
not which to sigh to you first: Your cru-
ellest Letters are all Charms, and I some-
times read them to fright me, that the
Comforts of the rest may put me out of it:
I run over every Passage of our Life every
Day, every Hour: I have said enough of
it, — love you for ever till I dye, constant,
true, and — Good Heavens, am I not all
over you, is the least Thought a Moment
from your Presence: God forgive me, my
Prayers are full of you. — Well, 'tis Mad-
ness to expect one Foot of Happiness upon
Earth

Earth. ——— But I expected all this, I did so, — and I expected Death too, tho' God knows how little I am provided for either: I dare not say I will dye; No, I will not if Heavens permit, 'tis your Life, and I'll keep it for you. ——— Ah, Heavenly Sapho, and can you do less for me. — I am resolved soon to return and lay Happiness at your lovely Feet, the Charms, the Heaven I saw in your Face to Day. Thus, my Charmer, the Sun looks brightest when it is just setting, and it is the worst Malice of Fortune to add all the Lustre she can to those Blessings she is just going to take from us. — God! I am fallen a talking like a Fool, running into Speculations on my H ——— n, my Happiness, my eternal Dear. Oh G-d! You know what I would say, what I us'd when I had my Heaven before me: Well, I don't know what I am saying, what will you expect from a transported Madman: Be happy, or else by H — s I'll dye: I must bid you be true, and yet you're Truth itself; I know you are, and all the World are Lyars: My kind preserving Dear, I cannot think of parting with you: My Heart is not prepar'd for so great a Change; don't desire to stay me long, if you do I shall dye in your A ——— s: Blockhead that I am, I forget that you cannot read this till we are parted: That cruel Word, invented by some stale, envious, ugly Maid,

AMOURS of — 37

Maid, to spite, to kill Lovers. Well, I am stark mad, and don't remember any thing, but that I am, and ever shall be, Sapho's

Adoring, Dying Slave.

About this time a young Relation of her's, to divert herself and others, came there upon a Visit, with an Intent to pass away the Summer. She was very witty, entirely agreeable, full of Amusement, and Coquet enough.

She thought it a great Injury to her Charms, that *Polidore* never in the least hinted that he was sensible of them : She us'd all her little Art, but to no purpose ; and having small Hopes of being ador'd there, thought she should have a melancholly Time of it, as your true Coquets think all Pleasures insipid that are not mingled with the Pretences of Love : I say the Pretences, for their varying Tempers never know what true Love means.

What Airs do they give themselves to procure a little Flattery, and how diligent will they be to gain the Offer of a vaintaudery Heart, which they are sure to despise if it once becomes a real Conquest : But if a Man of Sence ever be so miserable to become her Conquest, she is sure to make him

him suffer all that Pride, and Desire of having the World see her Sovereign Power, can inflict.

When ever she spoke to *Polidore*, she softened the Tone of her Voice, call'd Smiles to her Mouth, and Dimples to her Cheeks, nay assumed a dying Sweetness in her Eyes; threw out the Bait with all her Artifice, not that she either lov'd him or any other Man: He too frequently convers'd with Ladies of her Disposition, to be so easily caught; and if that had not been the Case, he was now too much enamour'd of *Sapho* to give way to the Advances of any other Lady; not that he was averse to having half a Dozen Intrigues upon his Hands, but that as he was so soon to part with the Woman whom he then had an entire Respect for, he feared lest she should be made acquainted with it, and so it might ruin his Interest with her, made him look with an Air of Contempt upon all the Advances she made towards him; but he secretly wish'd to enjoy her in some more distant Place, where it might not be in the Power of *Sapho* at least to detect him, but that being impossible, he endeavour'd not to think of her at all.

The

The Morning being come that they must part, *Polidore* took Leave, and in very moving Terms begg'd her not to forget her Promises, which she assured him she would be ever mindful of : What gave *Polidore* the greatest Shock was, that the very Place he was oblig'd to go to, was that where his *French* Mistress liv'd : How he should come off with her, he knew not ; but go he must, and he believed it would be the better way to sooth her up till such time as he was marry'd to *Sapbo*, least the Clamour and Noise he expected she would make, should reach the Ears of *Sapbo* ; and he was in reality at this time so passionately fond of that Lady, that he could have been content, as he often told her, to venture the spoiling of his Preferment instantly, to have been possessed of her : But *Sapbo* had a little too much of the Pride and Haughtiness that naturally attend on the Female Sex, to take a Man barely for Love : And indeed it was something very extraordinary to find such a Proposal from a Man of his Gallantry, nor did he continue long of the same Opinion : He judg'd it highly convenient at his Arrival to go and pay his Respects to his old Mistress, who receiv'd him with Reviling and Calumny, but he soon brought her into better Temper, pretending that he had as much Reason to be angry with her, and laid all the

the Mistakes that had happen'd on the Miscarriages of the Post.

This pretty well appeas'd her, and there seem'd to be a settled Tranquility establish'd in her Breast : But. alas, too soon she found how prodigiously he had impos'd on her, for he unfortunately one Day having received a Letter from *Sapho*, had not time to put it aside, being prevented by Company, and in the Evening when he was visiting *Satira*, unluckily drew out his Pocket Handkerchief, and with it the Letter, which *Satira* took up and read before he perceiv'd her, there being other Company in the Room.

Nothing can set forth in lively Colours enough the Concern and Confusion of *Satira*, not being able to give her Passion vent, she fainted away, which *Polidore* perceiving was not at a loss to guess the Cause, she holding the fatal Paper in her Hand ; all Means were us'd for her Recovery, but none prov'd effectual, till he took her in his Arms and us'd the most endearing Expressions ; when she would look up and cry, Oh ! Perfidious Man, and then faint again, but in some little Time he spoke in such a melancholly moving Manner. that she was thoroughly brought to herself, and induc'd to hear what he had to say for himself : *Polidore*, who never wanted Eloquence,
assured

assured her that this was only a trifling Piece of Gallantry, that he was forc'd to make use of, to pass away some melancholly Hours, that would have been insupportable in her Absence.

These Words he seem'd to pronounce with such an Air of Sincerity, that *Satira* was inclinable to believe him. He continued by her all that Night, which gain'd extreamly upon the too credulous *Satira*, and in a few Days she recover'd her Health, when *Polidore* had promis'd her to consummate and put their Vows in Execution ; but instead of that, as soon as she was so well as to go abroad, he did not only forbear naming that, but also began to be more strange, bringing his Visits from three or four times a Week to once every Fortnight.

This grieved her prodigiously; and indeed, to give *Polidore* his due, it was not a small Concern to him, to see a Woman distractingly fond of him, without his having one favourable Thought of her, or ever designing any further than to amuse himself, and pass away a little lazy Time that hung upon his Hands.

Besides, at this time it was as much as ever he could do to be commonly civil to her, for he was labouring under the painful Thoughts of *Sapho*'s growing indifferent to him, or that he had some more powerful

Rival with her, that made her so negligent of him, because it was now five Weeks since he had heard one Word from her. In this Humour he took Pen and Ink, and wrote to her as follows.

Epistle the Twelfth, Polidore to Sapho.

NO Madam, I can hold no longer; I confess, five Weeks Silence is what I am too weak to bear: I am framing all the Thoughts in the World to find out an Excuse for you, and my mildest tell me, you are cold and negligent; Its a Month since I wrote to you, and I desired our Correspondence might be more frequent; and how well have you answer'd my Request: Why, the very common Forms of Love are warmer far than yours; by Heavens, I have not Patience to argue; and let me dye this Hour if I don't believe you're changed, and have been afraid of it ever since I left you. — Lord, why do you put me so out of Frame? — Consider, neither God nor Man will give you any Dispence from your Vows, Oaths, and hundred thousand Promises; do you think they are slight Things, because the World breaks them

them every Day; and are you not yet convinc'd that Crimes are the more inexcusable for being common? Tell me, Madam, tell me for H——'s Sake, have you a Mind to be no longer troubled with me; and is what you have wrote only forced, and towards a civil way of breaking off by Degrees: Oh, I understand those Politicks too well to be deceived; and there is not one careless Word in any of your Letters, but what I can discover as easy from the rest, as I know you from any indifferent Woman; and by H——'s, tis too great an Abuse, I would rather a thousand Times have my Death, than an open Confession of your Change: I am so alter'd, I know not how to go on with my Letter; you have absolutely ruined me; I was just coming into the World, and it has been very favourable to me; my Pen has seen the Publick, and with that Success, that I received several Compliments from unknown Hands.—— So that I have rais'd Expectations in the World, and they look for something to carry on my Reputation; and may I not live if you have not so stupify'd me, that I have not common Sense or Reason: This is true by H——'s, I tell
 G 2 you

you it lies at your Door, I can find out nothing else to impute it to, and now I have nothing for you to take but my Life, and I am not so happy to be convinc'd, that the loss of it would grieve you. Oh, the same Love Ten Months, 'tis too much for a young Lady that has yet her Twenty Lovers to dispatch.——

I have been interrupted by a tedious Visit, and now have looked over all I wrote, must beg ten thousand Pardons, having been too much transported—My Life, I am sure you will forgive a poor unhappy jealous Wretch that's never satisfy'd. I hope I have wronged my Life, and that she yet sometimes thinks of me. G——d, that any Object can have so firm a Place in my Memory, my Heart, my Soul; If you are ever absent from my Imagination; whether asleep or awake, if I don't reduce all things to my Sapho, and she cruel, she all the time cold, forgetful, insensible; for God's Sake imagine my present Condition, and if you can believe me, tell me if I be not very miserable; take a little Care of my Health, which suffers sadly by all my uncomfortable Fears of you, and flatter me a while at your best Rate, till I can recover Strength enough to forget your Unkindness.

———No, by H——ns, I will know it,
I

I will, Sapho, and perhaps you shall see me soon reproaching you, and expiring at your Feet, while you're in the midst of your Perjury: The beautifullest time of Year is come, a time wherein I us'd to be happy; I don't know how it is, but I am Threescore and ten; every thing has lost its Taste and Relish. I long excessively to see you, but you are in that Point very indifferent; however I forgive, if your own Heart and my Heart that's with you, will satisfy you in that Point; but pray don't give me any more such desperate Trials, unless you have a Mind the nearest and the fatallest way to be rid of a troublesome Lover. Certainly when I speak this way you don't believe me; well, 'tis in vain, 'tis too late to protest, but all that's left me to tell you, is, if you don't believe me, 'tis the most convincing Argument that you don't love me. Sure you know when the Heart speaks, and when only the Pen; I can indeed write finer to you, give you more flourishing Language, but I can't express my Soul other way than this: I am not much myself, and what remains is to conjure you by all that's Sacred, and as you hope to be happy, that you'll no longer dally with me, but let me know if you are not really alter'd. I beg it of you for the sake
of

My Sapho's.

Sapho was at the Time she received this, very ill, and had been so some time, which prevented her giving him an Answer so soon as she would have done: *Polidore* did not know how to brook it, and being impatient wrote again.

Epistle the Thirteenth, Polidore to Sapho.

Madam,

With the fondest Impatience I have waited the Arrival of the Post for several Days, who brought me no Letters from you: Think then what anxious Fears possess'd my Soul. — Surely you can't be so very inconstant, you can't already be tir'd of so innocent a Correspondence, and yet it must be so, you have all this time dissembled, or rather your Passion, as soon as it was lighted, blew up into the empty Air, and is no more seen: Don't condemn me, Madam, for these jealous Doubts; Heavens knows how much

I admire and adore you ; but it's somewhat surprisingly melancholly to me to find you can be so long silent ; you may be assured nothing upon Earth can be more comfortable, more satisfactory, than a Line from my soft Charming. Why then am I deny'd that great, that inestimable Blessing ! Oh, I could plead for ever on this Subject, but hope I have said enough to claim a greater Care on your Part for the future ; believe me at the Sight of thy dearest Writings, my Soul is agitated ten Thousand different Ways ; my Blood forgets its usual Motions, and instead of circulating in its accusom'd Channels, stagnates in a Moment : But ye G—s ! what succeeding Joys do I feel, my Spirits, Nerves, Veins, Arteries leap, dance, rebound, with unusual Extasies of Joy and Delight.— My Beautiful Angel, it's impossible for me to express the immense Grief I suffer'd last Night ; for, Oh, I miss'd my Pocket-Book, wherein, besides Notes and Letters, there was the dear Symptoms of Love I received from you : I fretted, raved, and stormed, but in vain, to lose those dear Pledges of thy Faith ; and those unparallel'd Effluvias of thy divinely inspir'd Muse, was present Death to me ; but to my wonderful and transporting Joy, found it about an Hour ago : Thus, from the lowest Abysses of Sor-

row

row and Distraction, am I again elevated to my former State, and now I can feast all my ravish'd Senses on the sight of thy lovely bandy Works.

Eternally Yours,

Sapho was griev'd she gave her Lover so much Pain, tho' she had not half that Love for him that she had express'd at his Departure, for it had indeed been in some Measure supplanted by a new Lover, but as yet she had some Sparks of Honour in her, and was resolv'd not to advance far in this latter Affair, till she could at least find some plausible Excuse to break off with Polidore, so she wrote him the following Letter.

Epistle the Fourteenth, Sapho to Polidore.

Sir,

I *Have kept my Bed of a violent Ague these ten Days or more, which is the Reason you have not heard from me as usual, for I am sure there is now no Minute of my Life that don't afford me some new Argument that I love you: The little Pleasure*

I

I take in every thing wherein you're not concerned; the pleasing Perplexity of endless Thoughts I fall into when ever your brought into my Remembrance; and lastly, the continued Disquiets I am in during your Absence, convince me sufficiently that I do you Justice in loving you more than Man was ever lov'd before.

Yours.

This came very opportunely to relieve *Polidore* from the distracting Thoughts and Perplexity of Mind he was in at the Thoughts of her having bestow'd, what he believed only himself had a Right to, on some more happy Man.

Besides, *Satira* began to grow extreamly troublesome, and he was half distracted, not knowing what he could do; at length he was in short forc'd to grow vastly cool, and give her to understand he could not think of marrying her, because his Mother had a great Dislike to her, and as Affairs stood, he could not upon any Terms think of disobliging her.

This was like a Thunderbolt in the Ears of *Satira*, and the Love she bore to him turn'd to the extreamest Hate.

H

She

She by some Stratagem found out who *Sapho* was, and where she liv'd, and did not fail to make her acquainted with all the Intrigue.

This was a good Handle for *Sapho* to take hold of, in order to break off with him; and she accordingly made Use of it: But he gave her to understand it was only a trifling Gallantry commenc'd before he was acquainted with her, so that there was no room for her to say he was dishonourable, whatever *Satira* had reason to do.

Soon after this *Satira* married, which left *Sapho* now no room to doubt that there had ever been any extraordinary Promise on *Polidore's* Side; but still she had not Inclinations enough for him to think of marrying him, at least as his Affairs were in so indifferent a Posture, he not having any further Preferment at present, than being Sir *W-m*
T ——— le's Ch ——— in.

This would by no Means suit her nice Taste, when she had the Offer of a Person with a good Estate, and one who she had already conceived a very high Opinion of.

So fickle and inconstant are the Passions of Woman, that if they last three Moons it almost ought to be recorded as a Miracle.

Well,

Well, she grew more slow of writing to him, which tho' he but too well knew the Cause of, he always took care to attribute it to something else, as Illness, Disappointments of not meeting with the Post, &c. as you'll see by some of the following Letters.

Epistle the Fifteenth, Polidore to Sapho.

‘ **W**Hat a Miscreant must I be, after the
 ‘ many repeated Declarations of thy
 ‘ Love, to doubt your Sincerity ? Oh thou
 ‘ most worthy and most desireable of thy
 ‘ Sex ! Pardon my jealous Fear, nor blast
 ‘ me with the least Reproach : *Jove's* Thun-
 ‘ der being less terrible in my Ears than thy
 ‘ Displeasure. What I said might indeed
 ‘ merit thy Resentment ; but then I said
 ‘ what was very Foreign from my Thoughts,
 ‘ and could readily stab myself to make an
 ‘ Attonement for that Fault ; but upon
 ‘ second Thoughts I know you'll pardon
 ‘ me upon easier Terms, and think a sincere
 ‘ Repentance a sufficient Satisfaction for
 ‘ my Guilt, because you so near resemble
 ‘ Heaven ; nor will I ever believe, let the
 ‘ World say what they please, that you
 ‘ can ever be false ; and I am sure you need
 H 2 never

' never fear any thing of that kind from
 ' me. — I can never be inconstant to thee,
 ' the Glory of thy Sex, and the Admiration
 ' of ours. — No, sooner shall Lawyers re-
 ' fuse Fees, or Jacobites be in favour at
 ' Court, than I'll alter the most minute Atom
 ' of my Passion, unless it be to increase; for
 ' it grows exceedingly, and from one Spark
 ' that took Fire at first sight of you, is now
 ' in as great a Flame as *London* or *Troy* in
 ' the height of their Conflagration: These
 ' are the real Sentiments of a Soul once mine,
 ' but now irreparably irrevocably yours; and
 ' when I change my Opinion in this point,
 ' may I meet with a just Punishment in your
 ' Frowns, than which nothing could be more
 ' terrible to me: Believe me, Madam, you
 ' are, and ever shall be, the sole Object of
 ' my Vows and Wishes. I have now some
 ' Thoughts of turning my Fortune to *Ire-d*,
 ' and hope it will suit your Inclinations, for I
 ' would reduce every thing to you. —
 ' No Glory or Honour will give me any
 ' other Pleasure, than as I shall hope it will
 ' make me more worthy of your Heart. I
 ' thank my Goddess for her Poetry. I do
 ' with it as the Psalmist says, read it
 ' devoutly all the Day, and meditate on't
 ' all Night: Indeed it's very good, as every
 ' thing is that comes from you: I shan't
 ' answer

answer it now, because things that are common are not thoroughly valued you know; 'tis the Rarity of the Thing that makes it precious: This Consideration obliges me to tell you I won't trouble you with Poetry but in every other Letter. — And now I have ceased my Jealousy of you, be constant, true, and think of me always, as I do of you, and we shall live as unrival'd as *Adam* and *Eve* in their State of happy Innocence. Thus concludes he, who is

Yours to the end of Time.

Epistle the Sixteenth, Polidore to Sapho.

Madam,

MY Grief and Concern at your Silence last Post is inexpressible; for Oh! it can proceed from no other Cause than some Indisposition: Heavens avert the fatal Consequence of that trying Distemper from my beloved Charmer: Alas! at this Distance how can I administer Comfort to the dear Object of my Vows and Wishes, or what Method can I take to expell

‘pell that malignant Distemper: Were I a
‘*Galen* or *Hippocrates*, I might indeed assist
‘you, and put a Stop to your Malady; but
‘Oh cruel Fortune! my little Art lies another way. — Witness, Heavens, I would
‘rather have the Glory of recovering you
‘from a sick Bed, than attain to the highest
‘Honour or Dignity in Church or State.
‘To think perhaps you now lye tormented
‘with Anguish and Pain; for oh! I can impute
‘your Silence to nothing else, racks
‘my very Soul, and makes me almost wish I
‘had never seen you, since the Thoughts of
‘your Indisposition have put me into an irrecoverable State of Melancholly and Spleen:
‘But no, my Soul, I shall never wish I had
‘not seen you, if you continue kind, for the
‘Charms of thy Face, and irresistible Beauties
‘of thy Mind, have so overwhelmed me
‘with Love, that to behold thee one Day
‘counterbalances a Thousand Years of Misery
‘and Pain. — I wish it was in my
‘Power to relieve you, to give or send any
‘Remedy to abate your Pain, and restore
‘you to your primitive Health: I hope if Illness
‘has been the Cause of your late Neglect;
‘that this will find my Soul better,
‘which I beg to have an account of, than
‘which nothing can be more delightful to
‘me;

me ; what remains for me to say now any further, than that I am

Yours always, &c.

Epistle the Seventeenth, Sapho to Polidore.

YOU amaze me to charge me with Silence, when I wrote to you but last Post, nor have you any Reason to suspect my Truth, or call my Constancy in Question. I can answer as to every Thought since I saw you, not one has been to your Prejudice ; and I fear I have but too often told you so, unless you made a better Use of it: Nay, I have told you my Love should always continue firm, and that no Difficulties should make me alter my Resolutions of being

Yours Sapho.

Tho' *Sapho* kept writing to *Polidore* in this Nature sometimes, as she could not avoid it unless she could detect him in some other Amour, which he was not without, tho' none that came to her Knowledge: She grew very uneasy at her Engagement, and was resolved to find out some Stratagem that might clear her from *Polidore*.

But

But she was some Time before she could think of any that might prove effectual: She received the Addresses publickly of all the young Fops in the Country, in hopes that would provoke him; but he past it by as well knowing the Temper of his Mistress, nor was he insensible soon after of her Design in doing this, which made him every Day regard her less and less; nay, he was in hopes to cure himself of the Passion he had for her, and to use her as every Coquet ought to be us'd, and mortify her Vanity by bidding her farewell first; but she did not allow him time for this.

He grew every Day more and more indifferent to her, nay, she began to abhor all Commerce with him, and look'd upon him with other Eyes than what she had done before.

She now turned all his Wit to Ridicule, and fancy'd the Perfections she formerly saw in him, was now Faults.

In short, she resolv'd to be guilty of the grossest Perjury, rather than be troubled with him any longer; but first she believed it would be her best way to try if it might not be done calmly, for she did not care for such a declared Enemy, as to be sure he would be if affronted grossly; so that she first intends to sound him, by pretending she had

had been made acquainted with an Intrigue of his, for which she is seeming under a Concern, as she expresses by the following Letter.

Epistle the Eighteenth, Sapho to Polidore.

M*Y* sleepless Nights and anxious Days, since my hearing a certain Piece of News, has almost incapacitated me for this Work.——You can't deceive the World, tho' you blind me: Your numerous Intrigues are set forth in all Company, and your Perfidiousness set at large; sure thou art the vilest of thy vile Sex: Is it possible for you to make so many Vows to me, and at the same time be paying your Devoirs to two or three more?——Faithless Man; not that I would have you deny yourself the Conversation of Women in publick; but I find I have all along been deceived by you, and too easily imposed on; but you shall find I can resent both this and some other Affairs I'll inform you on at leisure; for I am not the easy Fool you take me for.

Sapho.

I

As

As *Polidore* was not quite cold, but had yet some Remains of Love for her, it gave him great Concern, and put him in the utmost Confusion; and yet he was of a very proud Temper, and resolv'd within himself never to think of her more, only as Woman; but his Love so far overcame his Resentments for the present, that he returned the following Answer.

Epistle the Nineteenth, Polidore to Sapho.

‘ YOU, Madam, have gave me the cruel-
 ‘ left and most wounding Letter in the
 ‘ World: Love may indeed take away my
 ‘ Senses, but you begin to appear in open
 ‘ Day to be a very, very Woman. Your Sto-
 ‘ ries are false, nor do I now give much
 ‘ Credit to any thing you can tell me, since
 ‘ I know you better than you may think of;
 ‘ but this I’ll venture to tell you, that I am
 ‘ as great, if not a greater, Stranger to your
 ‘ Sex than you are to mine; except for that
 ‘ one Secret I have told you of: I imagine
 ‘ your Design is to break off, and that you
 ‘ are grown weary of me, and are studying
 ‘ some plausible Excuse for breaking your
 ‘ most solemn Promises; but what needs
 ‘ all

'all this, I should much rather you would
 'openly confess you're changed; and if so,
 'why this long Prologue: You have nothing
 'to do but desire to see me no more. My
 'Learned Friend told me, a Woman would
 'cause my Death, and I interpretated it on
 'my Wedding Night; but I find Fate will
 'not let me stay. I am just distracted, and
 'can hold out no longer; not that I am con-
 'cern'd about you, but to think of my own
 'Simplicity, and how I have suffer'd myself
 'to be impos'd on by a Woman; I can't
 'call by a more proper Name than Jilt.
 'Laugh at my Miseries; do, I expect it from
 'you; but no, there is a Power that will
 'revenge my Wrongs, and you must expect
 'to meet with a just Punishment in this or
 'the next World, for the Injuries you have
 'done the afflicted,

P. S. If you're drove to that unhappy
 Necessity, you know what I mean, I am of
 too generous a Spirit to desire you to expect
 your humble Servant; and should not
 have been against your making Choice of
 some more happy Man: That is, had you
 been free and open in your Confessions;
 but since you wear a Mask: No, I am re-
 solved to Publish your Letters, and also
 every

every other Action that will conduce to make you be despis'd.

Adieu.

Sapho was far from suspecting he would ever write any thing like this; however, since the Fire was kindled, she must get it out as well as she could; so that she endeavour'd to sooth him, that they might part upon reasonable Terms, and wrote again.

Epistle the Twentieth, Sapho to Polidore.

Sir,

I Don't know any thing I said in my last, might occasion you to write in that violent reviling manner. — Am I to be blam'd for other Peoples Aspersions; and you, instead of clearing yourself, only answer me with I don't know what. — If my Grounds of Jealousy were like your pretended one's,

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I could be perfectly easy ; but I don't see how a Heart can be divided, or how I can expect any share of your's, when you have so often confess'd it to be another's : But I won't say any more for the present on that ungrateful Subject ; you use me extreamly ill, and be assured I can't, nor never will, think of making that Man Master of my Person, who shall take such Liberties before hand. I shall be glad to speak with you, that I may return you the few Trifles I have of yours ; and hope you'll act as honourably in returning my Papers, which is the only Thing that can make me have a tolerable Opinion, &c.

Epistle the Twenty First, Polidore to Sapho.

Madam,

TO show how much more Generosity
and Justice I have than your Lady-
ship, the Bearer has brought you your Let-
ters, and requires mine : As to any other
Trifles, they are at your Service ; but give
me leave to offer you this Caution, take
care least the next Person you may have a
mind to divert yourself with, as you have
been

' been pleased to] give yourself Airs, may
 ' have the Discretion and Generosity of your
 ' present humble Servant. The Rage your
 ' Letter put me in, obliged me with some
 ' Hints I had had from another, to say
 ' what I never intended, *viz.* the exposing a
 ' Woman I once had the profoundest Res-
 ' pect for, especially when I find she is treat-
 ' ing elsewhere upon honourable Terms. I
 ' would advise you to act more prudently
 ' than ever you did, with Madam,

Yours, &c.

Sapho was extreamly well pleas'd to find
 herself once more at Liberty, and resolved
 never to engage so strictly again.

On the other hand, *Polidore* was not far
 behind with her: He now believes there
 was no such Thing as Sincerity in any of
 the Cozening Sex, as he term'd them; and
 was resolved to use them at no other Rate
 than what *Sapho* had done himself: And
 now I shall leave him to pursue new A-
 mours; she to revel amongst her Crowd of
 Admirers, and return to *Aminor* and *La-
 pina*.

He

He was no sooner arrived upon the Coast he set Sail for, than he had his beloved *Lavina* in his Thoughts, and wrote her a very tender Epistle, to which she returned him as kind an Answer as he could reasonably expect.

Three Months pass'd in this manner, before any thing extraordinary happen'd, when *Aminor* was in some Expectation of returning; but contrary to his Hopes, he had been thought of by his Friends more than he suspected, and about this time a Piece of Preferment was offer'd him there.

All the World would have thought him a Madman, had he refus'd a Certainty for an Uncertainty; which was, quitting that to pay his Respects instantly to *Lavina*: And yet he hoped she would excuse this Omision, when it would turn so much to their Advantage, if his Interest was hers.

Tho' he longed impatiently for the Sight of her, it would now be impossible for him to see her in less than six Months.

About this time *Lavina* was solicited by all her Friends to think of settling herself with some agreeable Companion; but she would not hear of any such Proposal, because she was hourly expecting *Aminor*; and instead of his Person came the following Letter.

Epistle

*Epistle the Twenty Second, Amintor to
Lavina.*

O'H Heavens ! How shall I express
the Distraction of my Soul, at being
detained from the sole Object of my Vows
and Wishes ; and yet Lavina will, I am
perswaded, not be displeased at the Occasion
of it. My Friends have procur'd me some-
thing well worth my Acceptance, which I
shall acquaint you further of in my next.
This will oblige me to stay from my real
Happiness six Months longer, on which
account I shall never enjoy one Moment of
calm Repose. Let me beg you'll favour me
with a Letter next Post, because I shall be
inexpressibly uneasy to know the Effects of
this Letter, which if you rightly consider;
can't be took amiss from the most

Humble of your Slaves.

Lavina was glad of his good Success, but
yet could not avoid being uneasy at the
Disappointment of his coming, as she ex-
pected, for fear some of her Friends, who
pre-

pretended they had a Right to inspect her Conduct, and in part to dispose of her, should oblige her to receive the Addresses of some impertinent Fop; and indeed she was not mistaken, for every Day she found herself more and more press'd on that Subject, so that considering it might be much longer than he had propos'd before he could be able to see her, and to remove the Suspicions of her Friends, that she had a secret Engagment, which they began to suspect, she consented to receive the Addresses of a Neighbouring Gentleman, without any Design of being guilty of the least Falshood to *Amintor*, their Correspondence continuing as frequent as ever.

But in Time the most ardent Passion will decline: She observed more Perfections in her new Admirer, than she thought was to be found in any single Man besides, and hourly her respect for him encreased, in-somuch, that she began to be less frequent in writing to *Amintor*.

The six Months being expir'd, and no Talk of his Return, nay he did not so much as mention it to her in any of his Letters, made her begin to think she might be two nicely scrupulous in not proceeding further with her present Servant, who was the most obedient, submissive Creatue living; he never dared to press her to a Consummation of

his Love ; because she had, when he only once attempted it, express'd a dislike to it.

However, his Friends was more uneasy, and wanted to have Affairs brought to a Conclusion ; and she began to be less backward, because she had now lost all Thoughts of seeing *Amintor* for the present : So that in little time she was prevail'd with to give him her Hand.

But Heaven sufficiently punished her for her Ingratitude to *Amintor*, for *Cleon* proved the most morose, ill-natured Spouse in the World : Tho' in one respect Providence was very kind to her, for he liv'd not many Years to punish her.

Amintor was under the greatest Perplexity and Concern at this Disappointment : It gave him a large Fit of Sickness, which left him with this good Effect, that it cured him of his Love for her and all Woman kind, and ten thousand Times he bless'd himself, for having escap'd this Precipice.

Lavinia was grown extremely Melancholly, when it pleas'd Heavens to seize her Spouse with a Malignant Fever, of which in some few Days he died, and she once more enjoy'd her Liberty, only with this Clog, that she had a Son ; but this she could make very easy to her, by giving him, with what was assigned him by *Cleon*, into the Hands of his Relations, for she had a sufficient Fortune

Fortune without any Dependencies on her Son: *Cleon* having a little before his Death repented of the ill Treatments he had given her, and by way of Attonement, gave all he could possibly from the Child to her, and she was now in very comfortable Circumstances, and resolved to find out *Aminor*; and if he could forgive her former ill Treatment, to offer him now herself, with a Fortune much superior to what she had before: This Design was no sooner form'd than put in Practice.

Elvira her Friend was by this Time prevailed with to return to her Native Land, and with her she brought *Conesse's* Sister, to whom she had innumerable Obligations besides those, viz. the extreme many her Brother had laid her under: For that Lady's whole study was how she might oblige *Elvira*, who she now look'd on as a Sister: They were no sooner arriv'd in *England* then *Elvira* made Enquiry after her Friend *Lavina*, and was extremely surprized to find she had suffered so much with respect to *Cleon*. She resolved she should now be the Companion of her Life, and every other good that she met with; but the difficulty was to find her out, for she had withdrawn herself from all her Relations, as I before remarked, in order to find out *Aminor*.

Elvira and *Leonora* travelled from Place to Place, in quest of *Lavina*, but could not learn what was become of her. In their Travels they came to the Place where *Polidore* resided; he had no sooner cast his Eyes on this young Widow, (for she was not arriv'd at the Age of five and twenty) then he was what some People call in Love with her: But alas! his present Passion differ'd far from Love.

But upon his pursuing her, and finding of what Bulk her Fortune was, he propos'd other Terms than he had at first thought of. She was fond enough of being admir'd, but believ'd she could never have any particular Regard for any one. As yet he had not seen *Leonora*, but the Moment he did, repented he had ever made any Advances to *Elvira*; *Leonora* so far surpass'd her in every Respect, that he soon drop'd his first Design and made Advances to *Leonora*, who receiv'd his Addresses with more Reserve than *Elvira*; but however, far surpass'd her in every other Perfection.

And now it was he began to have a second time serious Thoughts and Reflections upon a Treatise for Life: He had indeed experienc'd a vast deal of Falshood in *Sapho*, but then there was as much difference betwixt the Tempers of the Ladies,

as Light and Darknefs; *Sapbo* was haughty, proud and vain, *Leonora* was far the Reverse, good humour'd to a Miracle, had a great deal of good Sense, was very handsome, and yet you could never find out that she valued herself upon it, which is something very extraordinary in an Age like this: Tho' the other had all these Perfections, yet the different Qualifications of the two, rendered *Leonora* an Angel in Perfection, whereas the other was so in Appearance. He was resolv'd once more to push his Fortune, and in order to it, believ'd it best to keep in with *Elvira*, who he found had great Influence over *Leonora*, so that he appear'd in publick so Complaisant to *Elvira*, that all the World concluded it was she his Designs were upon. He could not have took a more effectual Step to secure her his Friend, for this blew up her Vanity to the highest Pitch, and was indeed all she wanted, or desired of him; for she would not have hearkened to any grave Proposals he could have made her, had they been ever so Advantageous.

Some time past in which he was as happy as a Prince, if the sincere and unaffected Love of *Leonora* would make him so.

But Love is ever attended with some Intervals of Pains. *Elvira* at this time having heard some News of *Lavina*, was
resolved

resolved to see her, especially when she was given to understand she would not stay long in the Place where she was at present, being in search of her former Lover; this she told *Polidore* and *Leonora* of, the latter of which would not think of leaving her upon any Terms, and all the Means *Polidore* tryed could not oblige her to stay in that Place without *Elvira*, tho she gave her frequent Assurances *Lavina* should not detain her, but that she would very soon return to her again: *Leonora* was too discreet to trust herself in the Hands of so powerful a Lover alone, and in short nothing could hinder her going, and go she did, but gave *Polidore* much sincerer Marks of her Friendship than ever *Sappho* would. She wrote to him from most Post Towns she past thorough, and all the agreeable Amusements she had, was after the Fatigue of a Days Journey, to be entertain'd with the fine Perfections of her agreeable *Polidore*, and to do him Justice, no Man ever had a better Title to that Name, for his Company was a Feast to all that enjoy'd it.

Elvira and *Leonora* at last came to the Place where *Lavina* was, and after some difficulty got to the sight of her, for having given Orders to screen her, for fear she should be persued by her Relations, who

who would doubtless endeavour to dissuade her from going forwards as she designed, but not only so, would render her very ridiculous in the Eyes of all her Friends, made them some time before they could come to the speech of her, not knowing who they might be: *Lavina* was transported at so unexpected a sight as her Friend, especially at this time, and when she stood in so much need of the Advice of a Friend; after the most tender Endearments was over, each began to recount anew the Misfortunes of their Lives.

When *Lavina* began to relate what was her present Intention, *Elvira* endeavoured with the utmost respect to caution her how she proceeded on this Affair; which with a vast deal of Persuasion, she was at last induced to hear. *Elvira* promised to give him a Letter as from an unknown Hand, to inform him of the Change there was with her, and the present Posture of her Mind; and did not doubt if there was any remaining Sparks of Love left in him, to blow it into a beautiful Flame, and that it would not be long before he threw himself at her Feet, if not, it would be the most imprudent thing she ever was guilty of, to expose herself in a strange Country to a Man who she knew not, but might

might use her with the utmost Contempt. These Things she was at last brought to think reasonable of. And *Elvira* wrote as she promised.

They were all three to continue at a little Seat of *Elvira's*, till such time as they received the Answer to it.

Leonora continued very Faithful to *Polidore*, notwithstanding she was universally admired by all the Neighbouring Gentlemen, of which she was so free and good humoured to give *Polidore* an Account. He in return could not help discovering some Marks of Jealousy at her abiding so long away from him, as this Epistle will show.

Epistle the Twenty Third. Polidore to
Leonora.

Madam,

‘ I HAVE been all this Morning so dull
‘ that I knew not what was the Mat-
‘ ter ; for tho’ I endeavoured to do several
‘ things, I could go about nothing ; and
‘ at last I found out the Reason when I
‘ began to consider it was Post Day. My
‘ Beautiful *Leonora's* Angel would not let
‘ me rest, till I had answer’d her Letter ;

Leonora's

' *Leonora's* Beauteous Genius are still ho-
 ' vering about me, while yourself I fear, is
 ' little thinking of me; indeed, Dearest, I am
 ' the peevishest, and the most Jealous Crea-
 ' ture in the World: But you have so ab-
 ' solute a Dominion over all I used to call
 ' mine, that Nature yields at your first
 ' Approach; and all my deepest rooted
 ' Humours vanish at your Word: Sure you
 ' want to see me, nay, I believe you do, but
 ' how little that suits with my Love, that
 ' grows stronger by Absence. — Let me
 ' not live, if I either lye or equivocate.
 ' I'll tell you how I receiv'd your Letter;
 ' it was on Sunday last, and I was full of
 ' the dear Expectations, crouded with Hopes
 ' and Fears, as if the Sentence was to de-
 ' termine my Life; and tho' I expected
 ' one from *I-l-d*, which was absolutely
 ' necessary for my Business, yet I never thought
 ' the least of it while you stood in Com-
 ' petition; Well I waited, at last some Bo-
 ' dy knock'd at my Door: Pray let me be
 ' a little Impertinent, I felt every stroke at
 ' my Heart; I opened it, and a Servant gave
 ' me the dear Characters: And I was so
 ' little Master of myself that I chang'd Co-
 ' lour, three or four Times, and in Trans-
 ' ports gave him all the Money I had about
 ' me: he ask'd me what I meant, I told him,
 ' it was all too little to pay for that Letter,
 I. and

‘ and bid him be gone ; but by and by call’d
‘ him again, and bid him take no Notice of
‘ what I said. By all that’s good this is true ;
‘ and I must boast of it. I flung my self down
‘ on the Couch, and hugg’d the divine Paper,
‘ and kifs’d the Superfcription for above an
‘ Hour and then open’d it, and was less
‘ happy then before, for you kill me with your
‘ News of being the Toast of that Place,
‘ and that you’re thought finely shap’d ; and
‘ do you think I should love you better
‘ for your Face or Shape, as heavenly as
‘ they are ; no, ’tis your Wit, your dear Vir-
‘ tues, and above all, some immoral In-
‘ fluence that keeps you in my inwardest
‘ Thoughts, and no Alteration in your Person
‘ can either lessen or heighten it ; but you
‘ must indeed take care of that Person because
‘ it is mine ; and because you know my Bo-
‘ dy and Soul must suffer with yours.
‘ You speak very indifferently about your
‘ returning, as if it were an ordinary Matter ;
‘ tho’ you are not impatient to see me, you
‘ should be at least Complaisant to my e-
‘ very Hours languishing to see you : But
‘ perhaps, you think I write the same to
‘ twenty Ladies more : Well none but God
‘ and you have discovered the Soul of F—
‘ S ———, and that Heart you so intirely
‘ possess was never sensible to the bright
‘ Beauty of the Times : I give you again
‘ that

that Confession, and to triumph as you please. I still wait for that sad Testimony from *I—l—d*, or else I should have made a considerable Progress in my Business: My Friends flatter me, and Sir *W—* *T—* among the rest, that I shall, if I please, make some Figure in the World, and I am promised upon all Accounts the *K—g's* particular Favour; but I am not ambitious enough, and have already lost the Art of a Courtier: I would fain turn my Fortune to *I—l—d*, tho' Sir *W—* *T—* does not think so, but as soon as ever I appear in the World, will beg the King for something there: I shall not rest till I have placed my self in some plentiful Way deserving *Leonora*: tho' I should chuse a Retreat; nor shall I care to live in a City; and am happy your Inclinations are so agreeable to that; for I would recant all to please you, and shall never count any Thing Happiness that you think uneasy and confin'd. Well, if you are not resolved to make me very miserable, either come here, or command me to quit all, and fly to you; I won't speak unkindly, but I always reckon'd upon seeing you long before this, and if Heavens won't grant it, I hope it will give me Strength to support it. You're generous to own, that you wrote to Monsieur —, but tho' it was e-

‘ ver so cold, ’tis esteem’d as as an Invitati-
‘ on from a Woman. My Jealousy extorts
‘ one Desire, which is, that you’ll be as shy
‘ to all Men in general as you can; the
‘ least Freedom touches me to the quick :
‘ A Lady should be like a Bee, with Honey
‘ enough to invite all People, but a Sting
‘ to drive away Fools and Impudent Fops,
‘ and without that she is a Drone. A Jewel
‘ you know is the worse for Breathing upon:
‘ I would scorn to have you a Slave; no,
‘ use all Freedom in Conversation; but for
‘ any further, I’ll tell you a Story; There was
‘ one Collonel *Mead* in *Ireland*, who had
‘ three very fine Daughters, and when any
‘ Gentleman came to his House, he was
‘ welcome to see, talk, and play at Cards
‘ with them; but if they went to salute
‘ or touch his Daughter’s Hand, he would
‘ cry out, Sir, I give you all Liberty but
‘ touching, which causes all the Mischief in
‘ the World: The Ladies have often told
‘ me the Story, and I think it is very good,
‘ and you’ll oblige me in applying it to your
‘ self, but I’ll leave it wholly to your Ge-
‘ nerosity; indeed you may well value
‘ yourself, when you have all the Perfection-
‘ ons Heavens ever gave to a Woman, and
‘ what are indeed too good for any of us,
‘ but I am like the rich Usurers, and grow
‘ still more covetous the more I possess:
‘ Tho’

' Tho' you are an endless Treasure of
 ' Sweetness, they must be all mine : I had
 ' like to forgot to tell you, your whole Letter
 ' wanted a little Warmth, and tho' I
 ' kept it four Nights in my Bosom, yet 'tis
 ' cold to what I received from you ; pray
 ' compare mine, and see if they are not as
 ' real and dying as ever : However, I am
 ' pleased with all you do. All the World
 ' besides you are grown such a senseless Heap
 ' of Rubbish to me, and I show so much
 ' how I despise them, that I wonder any
 ' Body regards me. — I find I cannot be
 ' so long without Letters as I have been,
 ' and I must expect hence forward at least,
 ' one a Week, you have nothing else to do.
 ' Adieu, my Guardian Angel, and may I
 ' be as much in your Thoughts, as you
 ' are in the Thoughts of your,

Eternal Admirer.

Leonora was too good Humour'd to re-
 prove him for his Jealousy ; but on the other
 hand thought to convince him of her
 Truth, by returning to the Place where he
 was confined.

It was well for him she was not of the
 Temper of *Sappho*, who would doubtless have
 been enrag'd at such an Epistle. No Answer
 coming

coming to *Lavina* from *Amintor*, she judg'd he was grown very indifferent to her ; but resolv'd to try what Effects the Sight of her Person would work in him : And in order to it, disguis'd herself and Maid, and away they went, without so much as taking leave of her Friend *Elvira*, who was sensibly concerned to see her Friend bent directly on her Ruin.

Leonora now press'd her to go and spend the Summer near *Polidore*, which she had no Objection to ; and so in few Days they departed from thence, leaving the whole Country to regret the Loss of two such fine Women.

Polidore received her with all the Transports of a half-famish'd Lover ; and now they lived in perfect Satisfaction ; all Jealousies ceas'd, no Caprices, no little Peaks disturbed good Humour ; no unhappy Accident hinder'd them from being as happy as was possible for Lovers to be, who had no criminal Designs upon each other ; till *Leonora* took a Freak in her Head, and would needs appoint her Gallant to a Rendezvous abroad.

She told him she had by Accident fell into one of the prettiest Walks near the Town, where was the finest Labyrinth for Lovers to lose themselves in, that could be

imagined; and desired he would meet her there before the Sun rose.

He easily agreed to any thing she propos'd; and it being a Frolick of her own, and one she would not have *Elvira* know of, she was the earliest up, and equipped herself and her Maid in the Habit of two Country Girls.

It was in the midst of Harvest, so that they had not gone many Paces from the Town, before they were met by two Fellows that was going to that Work; and wonder'd to see two Girls out so soon, and so extreamly clean.

They joyn'd them, and the Conversation was chiefly, why two such pretty Maids should leave their Beds so early; till such time as they came up to the Walk *Leonora* had spoke of, when they would have bid the Clowns adieu, to meet something more polite; but the Fellows, who had all the way observed a more than ordinary Beauty in them, waited only for the Opportunity of this Place to be more closely engag'd with them, and laid hold of them, and began rudely to kiss them.

While they were struggling, *Polidore* came up; but was in too penfive a Mood to mind them, and was walking on, when *Leonora* called him to her Assistance: He knew the Voice, and turned about with some Disorder,

order, advanc'd in haste towards the Scuffle, which the Fellows perceiving, made off.

They returned him Thanks in the most submissive Terms, and told him they were inclined for a Walk thus early: He thought he new the Sound, but the Disguise had so alter'd the Person, and he altogether a Stranger to this part of the Frolick, looked on them as Persons in the Condition they appear'd in; told them that he was retir'd there for Privacy, and had no Mind for Company, and was turning away from them; when *Leonora* laid hold of his Arm, and said, Sir, here is somewhat you'll have a mind to, if you look upon it.

This little Importunity, with the Tone in which she spoke, and the Glance of her Eyes, opened his.

Good God, *Leonora*, says he, I did not suspect to have had such dangerous Rivals; I ought to have chastised the Insolence of them: Says she, I believe the fear of you has already done that; and their Ignorance may excuse them from any other Punishment.

She took him by the hand, and they walked into the Labyrinth, the Maid following at a Distance.

After

After some time they returned, and went to go home: He saw her in her own Lodgings, where she had not been mis'd by *Elvira*, and he returned to his.

He was no sooner enter'd, than he began to reflect upon this Morning's Adventure: He could not conceive her Design to give herself and him that Trouble, to no end but the Hazard of giving Scandal.

He judg'd she had not been long enough in *England* to have used this Way of Affignation to other Persons, who had not his Opportunities. He was not at all satisfy'd with her, and concluded it a Lightness of Mind that he could not approve of: However, he continued his Visits as usual, and the Lady's Charms quickly put away the Disgust he had taken; and he was as much in Love as ever, but talked not of Marriage now as he was wont to do, which she wonder'd at.

In short, our *Polidore*, who was ever lucky in this; when he began to be indifferent to his Mistresses, had the good Fortune to be called away, and by that Means clear'd himself of all their Clamours, and got far enough from them before there was any Room for their charging him with Inconstancy, and I don't know what odd Notions. He now got the Preferment abroad, as

M. you

you see by his Letters he had some time expected.

Leonora could not be against his going, but then she would have had him bound to her first : But *Polidore* new a Trick worth two of that, as the Proverb says, and only assured her he would return to her as soon as his Affairs were settled ; but his Passion was sufficiently cooled by her Indiscretions ; and to do him Justice, she was indeed strangely alter'd, not like the *Leonora* he had vowed to ; so that he could not be charged with much Injustice on her Account.

Some Time passed, and she never heard one tittle of him, so that she endeavour'd to forget him ; and, as *Ovid* truly advises, admit of new Intrigues, in order to make her forget her former.

She came to fawn, and grew proud and wanton : The People of Gallantry about Town soon saw she would be one of their Company.

Strephon was one of the first that looked upon her with wishing Eyes, and was possess'd of so many Charms, Wit, Quality, Fortune, Generosity, Vivacity, and Vigour, that *Leonora* believed it no mean Conquest, and no sooner beheld those wishing Eyes of his, than she returned them with so much Softness, and at the same time with so much Fire, that *Strephon* resolved at all Ventures to

to possess her; for she was not of equal Birth, and could by no way pretend to be his Wife; for he was known to have renounced all Thoughts of Marriage, and profess'd to be as free in his Love as he was in his Religion, in which he was by no means too strict.

Leonora never consider'd this, but met him at a Time and Place concerted between them by Letter; and he was as happy as Youth and Beauty could make him.

He answer'd all her Expectations, and was as fond and generous as she could wish; but *Leonora* being a great deal younger than her Lover, took a Fancy to change him for a Friend of his of equal Quality and Fortune, but wanted all other Charms with which *Strepson* was bless'd.

He had Sense, but employ'd it only in contriving Means how to enlarge his Estate; he had Courage, but it lessened as his Wealth increas'd; he was not proud, but his Humility had something of Baseness in it, which made him contemptible when he affected to be popular; his Companions were such as had been excluded all other Society, very much below him in Rank and Understanding; the Dreggs of the Degree of Gentlemen, and for the generality Sharpers, to whom he lent his Name, always taking care to part with nothing else. He was an Enemy

my to Letters, and those that lov'd them : He never gave any thing, but in a Manner that discharged the Obligation. In Love he was brutal, and shew'd he took no Pleasure in it but for his own Sake.

Strephon and he was for a long time of the same Party ; and the former knowing him in his best Days, when he past for a Man of Honour, with the foible of Avarice, contracted a Friendship with him, and made him his Confident, as well in his Amours as Politicks.

Maximus perceiving *Leonora's* Advances to him, presently forgot his Friendship to *Strephon* ; and met her with as much Warmth as a Man could, whose Interest was his predominant Passion ; He had however such a reserve for his Friend, that he would not take her from him without he consented.

It was contrived betwixt him and *Leonora* that she should do every thing possible to make him uneasy ; and she acted the part so well, being weary of him, and grown ill-natur'd, that *Strephon* was as willing to get rid of her, as *Leonora* was to leave him ; and in great Confidence discovered his Mind to *Maximus*, who with great Freedom told him if he agreed to it, he would take her himself, for by this time she had spent the greatest

greatest part of her own Fortune : *Strephon* reply'd, with all his Heart ; so after this they two manag'd the matter so well, that it was never known even to *Leonora*, that *Strephon* gave her up to *Maximus*.

Strephon was extreamly well pleas'd to find himself deliver'd from a Woman with whom he found he could not be happy : *Maximus* was a very great Miser, which not agreeing with *Leonora's* expensive Humour, she always rallied him upon it ; but *Maximus* could bear that well enough, as long as he saved his Money : However it had this Effect, that it created a Jealousy of her still holding a secret Correspondence with *Strephon* ; and that his Friend and she had put a Trick upon him. How to find it out he could not tell ; he watch'd her continually, had her dogg'd wherever she went, tried the old Device of going Journeys into the Country ; yet all would not do : He parted Beds, and deny'd himself a Joy he was as much transported with as *Leonora* to bring her to his Lure : He observed her so narrowly, that she had no Opportunity to put another in his place ; but finding it had no Effect on her, and lying on the same Floor, it was not above a Night or two that he punish'd himself in that Tryal ; and laid by all Thoughts for the

the present, of looking any further after her.

Thus it was, that a young Lady of Merit, Fortune, Birth, and good Education, ruined herself by giving way to a proud haughty, coquettish Humour; tho' she was in the beginning of her Life far from any of these Characters, yet she affected so much to be modish, after she was introduced into high Company, that it soon grew easy to her, and almost natural.

Elvira was extremely concern'd to see she took such Courses, and after her first Ruin offer'd her Sanctuary with her, and would fain have prevailed with her to reclaim: But finding it to no purpose, she renounced all Friendship with her, and left her loose to indulge all the wicked Humours she had given herself over too.

Elvira was very unhappy in her two Friends; *Leonora* she saw ruined, and she had little better to expect from *Lavina's* Conduct; so that now she resolved to think of a third Marriage: But amongst the number that address'd her, who should be the happy Man she could not tell, for as I before observed, she was a Coquet; but to do her Justice, a vertuous one: So that I shall now leave her and follow *Lavina* a little, who in her first Days Journey towards her Lover had

had the Misfortune by a Fall to put her Shoulder out.

One would have thought she should have took this for an unlucky Omen ; and it might have deterr'd her from pushing forward to her Ruin : But she was too far gone to be retrieved ; and as soon as she recover'd pursued her Journey.

No sooner was she come to the Place where *Aminor* liv'd, than enquiring after him, she found he was deeply engag'd to a Lady in the Neighbourhood, and to whom he was shortly to be married.

This would have dash'd a Woman of common Assurance ; but she was a Woman of undaunted Spirit, and was not easily perswaded to her Good.

The Maid, who indeed had a tender Regard for her Mistress, endeavour'd all that lay in her Power to bring her to a Sense of her Weakness ; but she would not hear her, still thinking she had Charms enough to blow up a second Flame in the Breast of *Aminor*.

With this Belief she dress'd and appear'd at all the publick Places where he was to be ; but for a good while pass'd unregarded by him : For to say Truth, he was so full of Thought about his present Affair, and so full

full of the Idea of his beautiful Mistress, that all other Objects pass'd unregarded.

Lavina was galled at this, and at length had Recourse to Letters, which I shall forbear inserting; for tho' he had conceived a very indifferent Opinion of the Merit and Conduct of that Lady, yet he believed it might not be amiss, nor would it be disagreeable to him, to pass some Hours away in her Company.

He answer'd her Letters with some Pleasure, and appointed a Meeting with her, which she readily agreed to; and did not fail to be at the Place of Rendezvous, where, after rallying him a little upon his Insensibility in not observing her, and of his present Gallantry, he excus'd himself in so polite and genteel a manner, that she readily forgave it; and in short, he was, without Ceremony, as happy as he could wish to be, often repeating the same.

But a while after it happened, that being engaged in some Affair that he could not free himself from, he mis'd an Appointment given him: *Lavina* spent the time very unquietly, and began to be Jealous that his Passion might be growing cool again, or that he had some other Intrigue than that of hers, and what he was pursuing was upon other Terms than these: But he had only endeavoured to persuade her, that
that

that she alone should be Mistress of his Heart; and so long as he could be happy with her, neither his Hand nor his Affections should be any others. But she accused him of Infidelity, and cursed herself for not having took the cordial Advice of her Friends; and said, That a Man who used a Woman so after her having sacrificed every Interest to oblige him, ought never to be forgiven, or at least, not till he had suffer'd ten fold in the same Kind: She threatn'd him severely, and was going to pass the Sentence of Indifferency on him; when she check'd herself, and being seconded by her Maid, who had by this time, felt the weight of *Amintor's* Purse, which inclin'd her to be more his Friend than she was in the beginning of these Familiarities, perswaded her Mistress he was not so guilty as she might imagine, and desired her again to weigh every thing calmly in her Breast before she went further, least she repented what might be done too rashly, as she had formerly experienced.

Well, says she, it may be a Folly to determine any Thing of him, till I am truly inform'd of all the Aggravations of his Crimes; if the Expressions of my Resentment be not proportion'd to his Offence, he will think me easy to be impos'd on, and will take the Liberty in a short time

N

time to use me as he pleases, which none shall ever have the Privelege to do: I must know the Secret of his Absence, and will discover it my self; for you are grown too much his Friend to be intirely rely'd on.

In the Inquiry, this Evening a new Livery was brought Home for her Footman: She had it carried into her Maid's Chamber, under pretence that something must be alter'd before the Fellow was to have it: And the next Day early in Morning she equip'd herself in it, in order to carry a Letter from herself; and by that pretence, design'd to learn among his Servants how he spent that Night.

Accordingly away she trudges to his Apartment, demanded to speak with him, but the Answer was, he went late to Bed, and could not be spoken to. This raised her Curiosity, and she was resolved to come to the Bottom of it; accordingly she went very briskly up to his Chamber Door; one of the Servants begg'd her to desist, and make less Noise, which she took no notice of; but advanc'd to the Servant, and desired to be admitted with a Message she had to deliver from the Lady *Lavina*. The Servants told her, seeing this Rudeness, that they believ'd he had not been long in the Service of that Lady, or he would have understood

understood better how to have behaved himself: They told him their Master went late to Bed, and that none must come near him till he call'd.

She was infens'd 'at this Answer, so little Satisfactory to her, to the Point she had given herself so much trouble to be resolv'd in. In short, she knock'd hard at the Door, which made the Fellows lay hold of her to carry her away; but she struggled with them, and made a stir, so that *Aminator* call'd to know what was the Matter; and one of the Servants going in, he angrily asked him what was the Noise, who telling him the whole Rudeness of *Lavina's* supposed Footboy, ordered his Admittance, and being willing to receive the Message privately, commanded his Servants to stay without and shut the Door: The Struggling had rais'd a most lovely Red in her Face, and so disordered her Hair, that was thrust up under a Peruke, that the long Trails of it falling down as she made her Bows, in advancing towards the Bed Side, he needed no other Discovery; but raising himself in his Bed, he reach'd out his Arm and pull'd her to him, and embraced her; after a Thousand Kisses told her, Madam, I confess the Crime you come to reproach me with, and declare the committing it

was itself a cruel Punishment, since it prevented the Happiness of seeing you last Night.

These are no Punishments, Sir, says she, which we chuse; and since you have used other Employments, for that little Time you promised to set a part for me, I come to ease you of the trouble of making Excuses, and to resign back into your Hands all your Obligations, and Vows of Perseverence: It is better to bestow Liberty upon the Prisoner that has broke his Chains, than to leave him the Glory of having been his own Deliverer; You shall never have it to boast of, that you have forsaken *Lavina*: She was proceeding to more Bitterness, when he interrupted her with a Sigh. A Madam! says he, you are too sudden in passing your Judgment on me, before you hear me; it was an unforeseen and irresistible Accident that kept me from you, and when you hear it, you will confess you ought not to be angry with me; unless you will impute Misfortunes as a Crime; and believe Punishment was devised for the Unhappy, not for the Guilty.

I was last Night invited to a Treat, I do not often engage in those Entertainments; but to endear my Friends, who are ready to venture their Lives at my command,

I sometimes spend an Hour or two most cheerfully with them.

The time appointed for this Meeting, and the ordinary measure of my Stay with them, agreed so well with my Appointment with you, that I could not refuse them; but as we were going to break up, a Relation of mine, who I dare not disoblige, came in upon us, either wanting other Company or in quest of mine, the latter of which he profess'd. The Company were all very forward to pay him the Respects that were due to a Person of his Distinction, and to the Reputation he justly holds among Men of Merit: And a Glass or two going round, had so improv'd the Humour he had put himself into in some other Place, that he would give Law to us all, and press'd so upon us, that without being rude, we could not break up, till we were all become as unruly as he, and I believe it's scarce two Hours since we parted.

This, says she, (kissing him rather to try if his Zeal would justify his Words, then out of Kindness at that Time) shall serve for once, but for the future, when any Thing is preferable to my Company, I shall believe you begin not to value it.

Madam

Madam, says he, I refer myself to my future Services, which shall sufficiently clear me of all Suspitions.

Upon those Terms, I leave you to your Rest, says she, which I perceive is now more necessary for you, then any further Justification, which I refer to our meeting this Evening. He would have kept her, but she sprung from the Bedside. He call'd his Servant, and commanded him to wait on the Young Man down, and beg his Pardon for the Incivilities done him; and that from henceforth they should not at any time refuse Admittance to any that came from *Lavina*, whatever Orders they had in general. She departed pretty well satisfied; and *Amintor* compos'd himself to rest as soon as he could after the Reflections he could not avoid making upon this Adventure. About three Hours after, when he was rising, came *Strotonice*, one of the Company he was in the over Night, to visit him, and to enquire how he did after that unusual Skirmish he had been engag'd in: He told him he suffered deeply for that Excess, and was resolv'd not to allow himself the like Liberty again: *Strotonice* told him, it was for want of use, and he would find it agree

gree with him after a little Practice; I had rather, says *Amintor*, that you and the rest of my Friends would find it as inconvenient, for I look upon Drinking to be as unbecoming a Vice as any whatsoever.

My Friend, says he, that's a Doctrine will hardly obtain among us, while we are out of Action; in time of War it's enough to be Sober, in Peace we have nothing else do but to drink and look for a kind Girl.

Some time after this, *Amintor* was commanded away; and then he told *Strotonice*, that he had been engaged in an Affair of Love that would be troublesome to him on this Occasion, if his Passion had not been rebated by some Indiscretions of the Person he was engag'd with; but then, says he, I leave you one of the most beautiful Women in the World, and if she was not so importunate, the most agreeable.

Indeed says *Strotonice*, you need not Name her, for your Amour has not been so great a Secret as you imagine.

This News was conveyed to *Lavinia* before he had time to carry it himself: It put her in a thousand Troubles, which she did not fail to let him know; his Affairs kept him two Days from waiting of her, so that the third Day he received these following two or three Words

Yon

YOU need not join unkindness with the necessity of your leaving me; the one or the other, has Force enough to kill

Lavina:

This passionate Reprehension of his Neglect, made him hasten the next Day to wait on her, and make his best Excuse; but he was oblig'd to bid adieu to her, unless she would be branded publicly with a Name, neither he nor she were very fond of.

He was privately married to a young Lady he had been engag'd with sometime before the Arrival of *Lavina*, at whose Presence the Lady's Friends had taken a Disgust, so that he resolv'd to renounce all Correspondence with her, the better to re-establish himself in the good Graces of the Friends of her he had married, who had prevented him the Sight of his Spouse for some Months; he accordingly takes a slight Leave of her, and never saw or wrote to her afterwards;

for

for the least they could think, when they found there had formerly been an Intimacy betwixt *Lavina* and *Aminitor*, was, that she must have been his Wife, if not his Mistress; but they were too apt to believe the former, thinking no Woman, except a Wife, would have been at the Pains to follow him so far.

But she took care soon to convince them of their Error, for he had not left the Place Twenty Days, before it was publickly known that she was as intimate with another Person as ever she had been with *Aminitor*.

Lavina's Son was now growing up; and he was resolved to reclaim his Mother from her wicked Course of Life, or perish in the Attempt.

His Friends having been let into her most private Actions, were all exasperated against her, and began to prejudice the Son early against his Mother; but being not quite Man enough to call her Prudence in Question, his Uncles by Father's Side, perswaded him to wait patiently a little longer; while she indulged herself in the most vicious Practices, and spar'd no Cost to gratify her lascivious Appetite.

She was so fallen of late, that, as *Otway* remarks, every rank Fool goes down; and she had forgot that she had ever been a

Mother to any thing but the spurious Issue she had abroad.

I shall leave the Remainder of her History to the other Part, as also the farther Account of *Amintor* and his Spouse,

Elvira had wrote several Letters to no purpose to endeavour to engage *Leonora* to forsake the loose way of Life she was fallen into, and return to her Friends: Nay, she even went so far, that if the half of her Patrimony would gratify her Vanity, which was not small, she should have it; nay she should indulge her in every thing she could wish: But it availed nothing; and she was resolved to continue her Course of Life,

Elvira, who had in the Beginning of her Life, met with the greatest Disappointments; nay, judged irretrievably ruin'd, and no Person ever suspecting the like in either of the other two; was now the only happy Person of the three; And not only so, but the most happy of all her own Family, whom she help'd and reliev'd, notwithstanding there were some of them very unkind to her, when she was in Affliction herself.

Polidore began to flourish extremely in his new Post; of whom I shall treat more at large in the other Part.

And

And as to *Sapho*, who is mentioned in the Beginning of this Naration, she liv'd some time a gay unreserv'd Life, but nothing prejudicial to her Virtue; she was after some two or three Years took ill of the Small Pox and Measles, which brought the Affair between *Polidore* and she, fresh to her Memory; in which she could not but blame herself extremely: Had he been near enough for her to have seen him, 'tis thought, by way of Attonement, she would have bestowed all in her Power upon him, but that was impossible for her to do, for her Friends endeavoured to divert the Thoughts of him. But notwithstanding she dy'd with *Polidore* in her Mouth; and when she was thought delirious, she still kept raving of him; so that most People believed that she died a Penitent, both as to that and all her other Crimes.

What happened to the rest who are concern'd in this History, with the many Difficulties and Disorders their Passions brought on them, likewise an Account of *Lavina's* Son being attempted to be murdered with his Mother's Knowledge, I shall reserve to the Second Part.

Where I shall also oblige my Readers, with several Pieces of Poetry, of Polidore's, Sapho's, and the rest, never before printed.

F I N I S.

